

A True and Full
A C C O U N T
O F T H E

Death and Character

O F T H E PRINCESS-ROYAL,

LOUISA-MARIA-TERESA STUART,

Daughter of the late King *James*.

Who was born in the Year 1692, at *St. Germain's*, and died of the *Small-Pox* the 18th of April 1712, *New Style*. In a Letter from a Noble-man of *France*, to his Correspondent at *Utrecht*.



ABOUT four Years after King *James* left England, God Almighty was pleased to bless Him with this Excellent Princess *Louisa-Maria*. To stop, if possible, the foul Mouths of calumniating Whigs, He sent over a great many Letters to England, to several of the Nobility, and the then Lord-Mayor of London, and stooped so low, as to desire Dr. Chamberlain to come over, to assist at her Birth, as a Man-Midwife, and for that Purpose, procured Passports from the French King; but none went, for Reasons not here to be told. The Queen was safely delivered of Her, the 18th of June, 1692. the Principal Persons of both the Courts of *St. Germain's* and *France*, being present. It was hoped that She might one Day make up the Happiness of one of the greatest Courts of Europe, but Divine Providence decreed it otherwise; God Almighty took Her to Himself the 18th. of April, 1712. Her Character you have in the following Letter.

MY LORD,

I Send you by these, the sad and deplorable News of the much lamented Death of the Princess Royal of England, who died of the *Small-Pox*, the 18th of this Month, at *St. Germain's*, who as she was one of the greatest Ornaments of that afflicted Court, so she was the Admiration of all Europe; never Princess was so universally regretted. Her Death has filled all France with Sighs, Groans, and Tears. She was a Princess of a majestic Mien and Port; every Motion spoke Grandeur, every Action was easy and without any Affectation or Meanness, and proclaim'd her a Heroine descended from the long Race of so many Paternal and Maternal Heroes; Majesty sat enthron'd on her Forehead, and her curious large black Eyes struck all that had the Honour to approach her, with Aw and Reverence; but all her External Glories, though the greatest of her Sex, were nothing to her Internal, and she seems to have establish'd the Opinion of Plato, who asserts, *That the Soul frames its own Habitation, and that beautiful Souls make themselves beautiful Bodies*. She had a great deal of pleasant Wit, joined with an equal Solidity of Judgment; she was Devout, without the Defects that young Aspirers to Piety are sometimes incident to; and though she comply'd with the Diversions of the Court, her greatest Pleasure was in pious Retirement. She was very affable, and of a sweet mild Temper, full of Pity and Compassion, which is the distinguishing Character of the Royal Family of the *Stuarts*. To sum up all in a few Words, she was a dutiful and obedient Daughter, an affectionate Sister tenderly loving and belov'd by the Hero her Brother. On both their Countenances were divinely mingled the noble Features and Lineaments of the *Stuarts* and the *D'Este's*, and Beauty triumph'd over both, with this only Difference, That in him it was more Strong and Masculine as becoming his Sex, in her more Soft and Tender as more suiting with hers; in both, excellent and alike. She was four Years younger, as if design'd by Providence to confute the black Calumny of her Brother's Birth, and her Royal Mother's Inability of having Children. To be short, in her the Distressed have lost a certain Comforter, her Servants an excellent Mistress, and the World one of its most precious Gems. She died expressing the warmest Sentiments of Piety, and the most perfect Resignation, uttering often her Royal Father's dying Words and Ejaculations, as Inheritrix of his Piety. The great Discomposure of my Mind on this sad Occasion, and my gushing Tears hinder me to add any more. Adieu.